P. BAGGE'S
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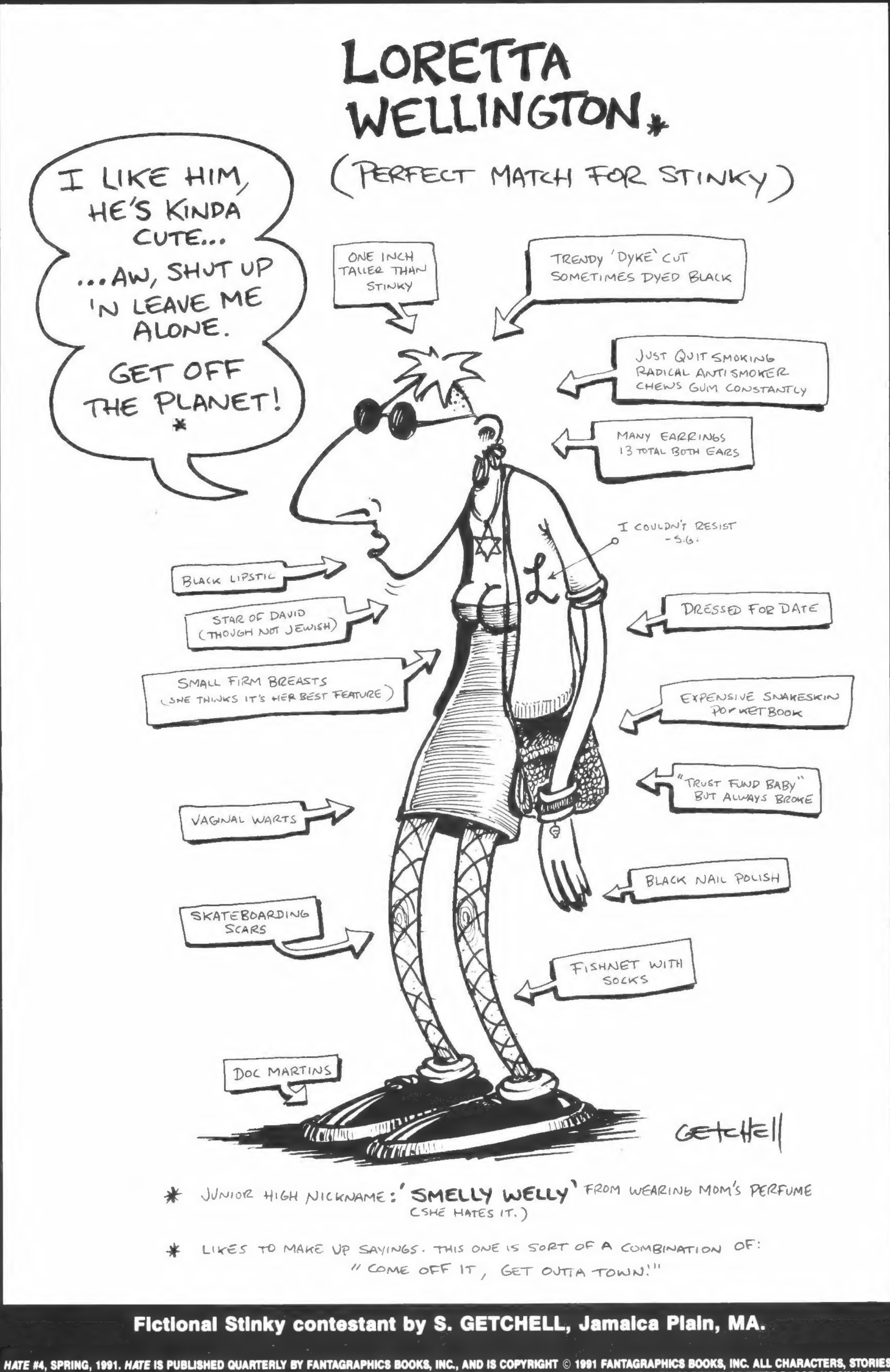

Fictional Stinky contestant by S. GETCHELL, Jamaica Plain, MA.

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"BUDDY BRADLEY IS NOT HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER"

STARRING, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, BUDDY BRADLEY! ©1991 P. BAGGE

...IT WASN'T UNTIL I STARTED WORKING HERE THAT I MADE A HABIT OF IT...
YEAH, I NOTICED THAT YOU TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE OF OUR "EVERYDAY LOW PRICES"! HAW-HAW!
KA-CHUNK!
UH, YEAH, HEH-HEH..
I HOPE THIS GUY DOESN'T HAVE A BIG MOUTH.
ME, I HARDLY READ ANYTHING! IN FACT, IF YOU HAD TOLD ME A YEAR AGO THAT I'D BE WORKING IN A BOOKSTORE I'D A' SAID YOU'RE NUTS!
KA-CHUNK!
YEAH, I KNOW. I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU HAD TO BE WELL READ TO WORK IN A BOOK STORE, TOO...
...I DON'T KNOW WHY I THOUGHT THAT, SINCE ALL WE EVER DO IS LUG THESE BOXES AROUND...
I WAS ALL READY TO LIE WHEN I APPLIED FOR THIS JOB, BUT ALL THEY ASKED ME WAS CAN I WORK WEEKDAY MORNINGS AND I SAID SURE!
...AND VIOLÀ! HERE I AM!
THAT'S AMAZING. I'M AMAZED.
HEY, TO BE PERFECTLY HONEST WITH YOU, THE ONLY THING I EVER READ IS HUSTLER MAGAZINE. HAVE YOU EVER READ HUSTLER?
UH, I'VE LOOKED AT IT, BUT I CAN'T RECALL EVER READING IT...
AW MAN, YA GOTTA READ IT! IT'S A RIOT! THE CARTOONS ARE HILARIOUS!
BIG SWELL PICTURES OF
... PLUS THEY HAVE THESE GREAT ARTICLES ON, LIKE, DIFFERENT KINDS OF PERVERTS AND STUFF? MAN, YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT!
OH YEAH?
HEY BUDDY, THERE'S A GUY OUT HERE ASKING FOR YOU! HE SAYS HE'S YOUR BROTHER!

MY BROTHER? ARE YOU SURE?
THAT'S WHAT HE SAYS, THOUGH HE SURE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE YOU. HE'S A BIG JOCK TYPE...
A JOCK? I DON'T BELIEVE IT...
GO SEE FOR YOURSELF, THEN!
? ? ?
HOLY MACKEREL! IT IS BUTCH! WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?!
OH WELL, I GUESS I'M ABOUT TO FIND OUT...
HEY, BUDDY! SURPRISED TO SEE ME?
YEAH! AND I HARDLY RECOGNIZED YOU! YOU GOT BIG!
...SO, WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT TO THESE PARTS, KIDDO?
WELL, I WAS THINKING OF COMING OUT FOR A VISIT THIS SUMMER, BUT MOM AND DAD WERE GETTING ON MY NERVES SO BAD THAT AS SOON AS EASTER VACATION STARTED I TOOK OFF.
HUH. SO, HOW DID YOU GET HERE? DID YOU FLY?
NO, BUT I SHOULD HAVE. I JUST SPENT THREE WHOLE DAYS ON A FRIGGIN' BUS AND I HURT ALL OVER. MAYBE I'LL TAKE A PLANE BACK...
SO, UHH... WHEN ARE YOU GONNA GO BACK? AND WHERE ARE YOU STAYING...
SHIT MAN, I DON'T EVEN WANT TO THINK ABOUT GOING BACK YET, THOUGH I SUPPOSE I SHOULD GO BACK BEFORE SCHOOL STARTS UP AGAIN...THAT'LL GIVE ME FOUR OR FIVE DAYS TO BUM AROUND...
YOU DON'T MIND IF I CRASH AT YOUR PLACE WHILE I'M HERE, DO YA?
W-WITH ME? NO, NOT AT ALL, AS LONG AS MY ROOMIES DON'T MIND...
SHIT, I KNEW HE WAS GONNA ASK ME THAT!

I'LL BE GETTING OFF IN A FEW MINUTES, SO WHY DON'T YOU WAIT OUT FRONT WHILE I GO BACK AND GET MY STUFF, OKAY?
OKAY.
LATER, BEHIND THE STORE...
OH NO! MY SHOPPING BAG'S GONE!
HOW CAN THIS BE?
DAMN! I'LL KILL THAT NEW GUY IF HE'S BEHIND THIS!
HOPE I DON'T GET FIRED...
LOOKING FOR THIS?
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT!?
I SAW SOME-ONE SLIPPING BOOKS INTO IT EARLIER, AND I FIGURED IT WAS PROBABLY YOU!
WAIT, WHAT WERE YOU DOING BACK HERE? AND HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE I WORKED IN THE FIRST PLACE!?
MY BUS CAME IN THIS MORNING, AND WHEN I GOT TO YOUR HOUSE I SAW YOU LEAVING FOR WORK, SO I FOLLOWED YOU...
...I SPENT THE REST OF THE DAY POKING AROUND JUST FOR LAUGHS.
SNATCH!
SO YOU'RE STILL SPYING ON PEOPLE, HUH? YOU'RE WEIRD!
I AM NOT WEIRD!!! PLUS I SEE YOU'RE STILL A PETTY CRIMINAL, AS ALWAYS!
YEAH, WELL, STEALING FROM WORK IS NORMAL. SPYING ON PEOPLE IS WEIRD.
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S WEIRD IS THAT PLACE YOU WORK AT! EVERY-THING'S OLD AND MUSTY IN THERE!
THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S A USED BOOK-STORE, DIMBULB! USED BOOKS TEND TO BE OLD.
FEH. WHY WOULD ANYONE BUY AN OLD BOOK WHEN THEY COULD BUY A NEW ONE, THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW...
...HEY, IS THERE A McDONALDS AROUND HERE? I'M STARVING!
BILL PIERRE FORD

LATER, AT BUDDY'S "CRIB"...
HEY GEORGE, THIS IS MY BROTHER BUTCH. YOU DON'T MIND IF HE STAYS WITH US FOR A FEW DAYS, DO YA?
!?
NOPE.
...BILL PIERRE FORD IS COMMITTED TO EXCELLENCE...
DO YOU DRINK BEER, BUTCH? WE GOT ALL KINDS...
YOU GOT MILLER IN THE CAN? I ONLY DRINK MILLER IN THE CAN...
UHH... NO, SORRY... AND WE'RE FRESH OUTTA TOXIC WASTE, TOO...
HERE'S SOME LOCAL CHEAP STUFF YOU MIGHT ENJOY...
?
GLUG! GLUG! GLUG!
WHAT'S SO FUNNY? WHAT ARE YOU SMILING ABOUT?
(YOU KNOW! LOOK OVER THERE..)
(UM..LET'S GO INTO MY ROOM, OKAY?)
... MAN OH MAN, I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE LIVING WITH THAT GOONIE LOOKING COON! WHAT A GOOFBALL!
HEY, WATCH WHAT YOU SAY ABOUT GEORGE! HE'S A GOOD GUY!
USED BOOK EMPORIUM

OKAY! DON'T GET SORE!
STILL, WHO WOULDA THOUGHT— I MEAN, YOU WEREN'T EXACTLY TOO FOND OF COLORED PEOPLE WHEN YOU LIVED BACK HOME...
YEAH, WELL, I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT...
...SO TELL ME, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM YOU'RE HAVING WITH MOM AND DAD?
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM? THEY'RE MOM AND DAD, REMEMBER?!? AND IF ANYTHING THEY'VE GOTTEN WORSE!
OH YEAH? HOW SO?
SIGH... I DON'T KNOW... AFTER ALL THE CRAP THEY WENT THROUGH WITH YOU AND BABS I THINK THEIR BRAINS GOT FRIED...
NOWADAYS DAD JUST DRINKS AND WATCHES T.V. AND THAT'S IT! AND MOM'S BEEN GOING TO CHURCH EVERYDAY OF THE WEEK LATELY...
WHENEVER I TRY TO TALK SERIOUSLY WITH MOM IT JUST GOES IN ONE EAR AND OUT THE OTHER... SHE'LL JUST PAT ME ON THE SHOULDER AND SAY "I KNOW, DEAR"...
...AND DAD WOULD JUST GRUNT AND SHRUG...
SOUNDS LIKE AN IMPROVEMENT TO ME...
WELL IT'S NOT. IT'S PSYCHOVILLE, AND I DREAD GOING BACK...
I PLAN ON JOINING THE ARMY AS SOON AS I GRADUATE, JUST TO GET AWAY FROM THEM...
THE ARMY? JEEZ, I DUNNO...
...OR HELL, MAYBE I WON'T GO BACK TO SCHOOL OR DO ANYTHING! MAYBE I'LL JUST HANG AROUND HERE IN SEATTLE FOR A FEW YEARS...
...THEN AGAIN, THE ARMY MIGHT BE JUST THE TICKET FOR A GUY LIKE YOU!
OH NO! I WAS AFRAID HE MIGHT SAY THAT! MY WORST FEAR COME TRUE!

THE NEXT DAY...
OH, HI YOU GUYS.
HELLO.
HEY, BIG BROTHER! HOW'S IT HANGIN'? NYUCK!
...HE'S GOT HIM IN A HAMMER-LOCK!...
SO, WHAT'S THE GAME PLAN FOR TONIGHT?
"GAME PLAN"? WELL, I'M GOING TO MEET MY GIRLFRIEND AT A PARTY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO.
WHADAYA MEAN? CAN'T I COME TO THIS PARTY TOO?
NOT IN THAT T-SHIRT YOU CAN'T.
TRY BURNING THIS, ASSHOLE!
WHAT, YOU MEAN THIS? WHY NOT? IF YOUR SENSITIVE HIPPY FRIENDS CANT TAKE IT THAT'S THEIR PROBLEM!
TRY BURNING THIS, ASSHOLE!
NO, IT'S YOUR PROBLEM! THAT'S GOT TO BE THE STUPIDEST T-SHIRT I'VE EVER SEEN, AND I DON'T WANT EVERYONE TO KNOW THAT MY BROTHER'S THE FASCIST WHO'S WEARING IT!
OH YEAH? WELL, THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM! IF ANYONE'S A FASCIST AROUND HERE IT'S YOU! I DON'T TELL YOU WHAT TO WEAR OR WHERE YOU CAN OR CAN'T GO...
OKAY! WEAR THE GODDAMNED SHIRT! EMBARRASS THE HELL OUTTA ME! SEE IF I CARE!
BY THE WAY, HOW'D YOU WIND UP WATCHING T.V. WITH THAT "GOONY COON"?
HEY, ME AND GEORGE ARE GOOD PALS NOW, SO WATCH WHAT YOU SAY ABOUT HIM!
"GOOD PALS"...I'LL BET...

THAT EVENING...
...SO, HOW COME YOU NEVER TOLD ME YOU HAD A GIRLFRIEND? IS SHE A DOG OR SOMETHING? SHE MUST BE IF SHE GOES OUT WITH YOU!
I REFUSE TO DIGNIFY THAT COMMENT WITH A REPLY.
WHAT'S THIS PARTY GONNA BE LIKE, ANYWAY? WILL THERE BE A KEG? WILL THERE BE LOTS OF LOOSE BABES?
I HAVE NO IDEA...IT'S IN SOMEONE'S BACKYARD, SO THERE MIGHT BE A KEG...
...AS FOR "LOOSE BABES", I DON'T SEE WHY IT SHOULD MATTER TO YOU, SINCE YOU'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE WITH THEM—
—NOT WITH THAT STUPID MOTHERFUCKING SHIRT YOU'RE WEARING.
WELL SHOOT, IF THESE ARE THE KIND OF GIRLS WHO FIND GUYS LIKE YOU DESIRABLE MAYBE I'LL BE BETTER OFF "STRIKING OUT"...
...THEY GOTTA BE A BUNCH OF SKEEVES ANYWAY...
I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M TALKING TO YOU ABOUT "CHICKS". THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU YOU WERE STILL INTO G.I. JOE! DO YOU ACTUALLY GO OUT WITH GIRLS BACK HOME?
WELL, I WAS GOING STEADY WITH SOMEONE RECENTLY, BUT THAT'S ALL OVER NOW.
OH YEAH? WHY, WHAT HAPPENED? DID SHE DUMP YOU? NYUK-NYUK...
AAH, IT'S TOO COMPLICATED TO EXPLAIN...
..I DON'T CARE TO DISCUSS IT...
WHAT-EVER YOU SAY, PART-NER...
OOPS! SORE SUBJECT!

AT THE PARTY...
MAN, SOME OF THESE PEOPLE LOOK LIKE THEY BELONG IN A ZOO...
...ISN'T THAT YOUR OLD FRIEND LEONARD BROWN OVER THERE?
YUP. HE LIVES WITH ME, THOUGH I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM AROUND IN DAYS!
HEY STINKY! WHERE YA BEEN?
OH, HIYA, BUD! HOW'S IT GOIN'?...
I'VE BEEN CRASHIN' AT MICHELLE'S PLACE... LAST WEEK SHE INTRODUCED ME TO THIS GUY FROM OLYMPIA WHO TURNED ME ON TO SOME EXCELLENT MUSHROOMS, AND I'VE BEEN FLYING EVER SINCE!
YOU'VE BEEN ON MUSHROOMS FOR A WHOLE WEEK?
...'SHROOMS, PEYOTE, L.S.D... PSYCHEDELICS ARE THE WAY TO GO, MAN...
LEONARD HASN'T EATEN A THING IN DAYS, SO WE'VE BEEN KEEPING A CLOSE EYE ON HIM... I SORTA FEEL RESPONSIBLE...
EATING IS JUST ANOTHER FILTHY BODILY FUNCTION... I'M BEYOND ALL THAT NOW: EATING, SHITTING, FARTING—I HAVEN'T CUT A FART FOR A WHOLE WEEK... IT'S BEAUTIFUL..
I THINK I'LL STICK TO BEER...
?
BEER, BAH! I'D RATHER DIE THAN EVER DRINK THAT POISON AGAIN...
WHY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH BEER?
HUH? WHO SAID THAT? I'M PICKING UP BAD VIBES FROM SOMEWHERE...
OH, HEY STINKY, THIS IS MY LITTLE BROTHER, BUTCH! YOU REMBMBER BUTCH, DON'T YOU?

BUTCH! OH MY GOD! IT'S LITTLE BUTCHIE-BOY! I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!
HEY BROWN. YOUR COUSIN MAURY SAID TO SAY HELLO.
...COUSIN MAURY... GOOD LORD...ALL OF THE SUDDEN I'M FLOODED WITH MEMORIES OF NEW JERSEY... OH MAN, BAD SCENE...
WHADAYA MEAN? WHAT'S WRONG WITH NEW JERSEY?
THERE, THERE, LEONARD...
...JERSEY... GHOD, WHAT A WASTELAND...I CAN'T BELIEVE I CAME FROM THERE...
WHAT'S HE TALKIN' ABOUT? WHAT'S HE GOT AGAINST NEW JERSEY?
NOTHING, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.. I'M GONNA GRAB ME ANOTHER BEER...
HEY, ARE YOU HIS GIRLFRIEND OR SOME-THING?
"GIRLFRIEND"?! I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT LEONARD HAS TRANSCENDED ALL OF HIS ANIMALISTIC DE-SIRES IN HIS CURRENT STATE, INCLUDING SEX!
...SEX... GHOD, IT'S SO BARBARIC... SO CRUDE...
SO WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, THAT HE CAN'T POP A BONER ANY-MORE?
AND AREN'T YOU GETTING SICK OF HOLDING HIM?
NOT AT ALL! LEONARD IS THE KIND OF BOY THAT NEEDS TO BE TAKEN CARE OF!
..."NEEDS TO BE TAKEN CARE OF"...YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN...
LET ME HOLD HIM FOR AWHILE, MICHELLE! YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING HIM FOR HOURS!
NO WAY! YOU HELD HIM ALL DAY YESTERDAY!
WHERE'S MY FRUIT JUICE?

HI, BUTCH! I'M VALERIE!
WHO?
TRY ...RNIN THIS, ...SSHOL...
I'M BUDDY'S GIRLFRIEND! DIDN'T HE TELL YOU?
OH, YEAH. HIYA.
SO, HOW DO YOU LIKE SEATTLE SO FAR?
IT'S OKAY. NOT MUCH DIFFERENT FROM ANYWHERES ELSE.
...UH-HUH...WELL, I HOPE BUDDY'S SHOWING YOU A GOOD TIME...HE SAID YOU HAD JUST BROKEN UP WITH A GIRL BACK HOME...
OH HE DID, DID HE? WELL IF YOU THINK I'M ALL BROKEN UP OVER IT YOU'RE WRONG.
OH, I DIDN'T MEAN —I MEAN, I'M SURE THERE ARE PLENTY OF GIRLS WHO'D...
OH, THAT AIN'T THE PROBLEM. THE PROBLEM IS FINDING ONE WHO ISN'T A LYING SLUT. THERE AREN'T TOO MANY OF THOSE, YOU KNOW.
ERRR... YES, I SUPPOSE SO...
SWIG!
TELL ME SOMETHING, WHY DO YOU GO OUT WITH A GUY LIKE MY BROTHER? DO YOU ACTUALLY LIKE WIMPY GUYS LIKE HIM?
WHAT?!? WHY, BUDDY'S NOT A...
WOULDN'T YOU RATHER BE WITH A GUY LIKE ME? I MEAN, I WORK OUT WITH WEIGHTS—CAN'T YOU TELL? WHY, I'LL BET I COULD KICK HIS ASS IN TWO SECONDS FLAT!!!
I DON'T SEE WHAT THAT HAS TO DO WITH ANYTHING! AND HOW COULD YOU TALK THAT WAY ABOUT YOUR OWN BROTHER!?
YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, DO YA? WELL, JUST SAY THE WORD AND I'LL GIVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION...
GOOD GRIEF!

HOURS LATER...
HEY BUDDY, IS IT TRUE THAT THAT GUY SITTING NEXT TO THE BEER KEG IS YOUR BROTHER?
'FRAID SO. WHY?
WELL, YOU'D BETTER GET HIM OUTTA HERE BEFORE SOMEBODY TRIES TO MURDER HIM!
HE'S MAKING EVERYONE RECITE THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE BEFORE HE'LL REFILL THEIR CUPS!
OH, GREAT!
Y'KNOW, WHEN I FIRST SAW THAT T-SHIRT HE'S WEARING I THOUGHT IT WAS A JOKE, BUT YOUR BROTHER'S A REAL NAZI, ISN'T HE?
YEAH, WHAT'S HIS STORY? IS HE FOR REAL OR WHAT?
DON'T ASK ME WHAT HIS STORY IS! I HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE!
HEY VAL, WOULD YOU MIND GIVING MY BROTHER A LIFT HOME? HE LOOKS PRETTY PLASTERED...
NO WAY!!! I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE NEAR THAT CREEP! HE'S YOUR BROTHER— YOU DEAL WITH HIM!
...YEESH...I WONDER HOW I'M GONNA HANDLE THIS...
UMM... HEY BUTCH, WHADAYA SAY WE SPLIT THIS PARTY! IT'S LAME!
SPLIT? BUT THE KEG'S STILL HALF FULL! YOU GOT SOMETHING AGAINST FREE BEER?
ER...WELL, THE COLD AIR COMBINED WITH THIS CHEAP BREW IS DOING A NUMBER ON MY BLADDER...
TELL YA WHAT— LET'S GO HOME SO'S I CAN GRAB MY COAT, AND THEN I'LL TREAT YOU TO A PLACE I KNOW THAT SERVES MINORS...
REALLY? SOUNDS GREAT!

...SO HOW COME YOUR GIRLFRIEND AIN'T COMING WITH US? DID SHE FINALLY REALIZE WHAT A LOSER YOU ARE AND DUMP YOU?
UHHH...NO, SHE, UH, HAD TO GET UP EARLY TOMORROW... OR SOMETHING...
THAT'S TOO BAD, 'CUZ SHE WAS PRETTY CUTE...
HEY BUD, CAN I ASK YOU SOME-THING?
WHAT?
...DOES THIS HURT?
OW! YES! CUT IT OUT!!!...
CRIPES! WHA'D YA DO THAT FOR?!
HEY, LOOK AT THAT BUM CRASHED OUT OVER THERE! LET'S SET HIM ON FIRE!
WHAT?! OH, UH, I THINK WE OUGHTA GET HOME INSTEAD... TIME'S A-WASTIN'...
MAN. MY BROTHER'S OUT OF CONTROL! I'D BETTER KEEP HUMORING HIM...
AWWW... BUT CAN'T WE AT LEAST STOMP ON HIM A LITTLE? IT'LL ONLY TAKE A FEW SECONDS!
WE CAN ALWAYS COME BACK FOR HIM LATER...
...MEANWHILE WE GOT SOME COLD BREWSKIS WAITING FOR US BACK AT MY PLACE...
BUT...

ALL RIGHT, WHERE'S THAT BEER YOU PROMISED ME?
ONE ICE COLD BEER COMING UP...
BONK!
OH, I'M SORRY, YOU ONLY DRINK MILLER-IN-THE-CAN, RIGHT?
TWEET!
TWEET!
EARLY NEXT MORNING...
OH MAN, I HOPE I DIDN'T DO ANY SERIOUS DAMAGE TO BUTCH'S SKULL WITH THAT BOTTLE, BUT SHIT, I HAD TO DO SOMETHING BEFORE HE KILLED SOME-BODY!
HE ACTUALLY WANTED TO SET THAT POOR BUM ON FIRE! HE WAS READY TO DO MURDER! WHAT A PSYCHOPATH!
WHERE ON EARTH IS ALL THAT REPRESSED HOSTILITY COMING FROM? I GREW UP IN THE SAME ENVIRONMENT HE DID BUT I AIN'T NEARLY AS FUCKED UP!
MAYBE I HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT, AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS OF TEASING AND TORTURING THE LITTLE BASTARD. AND NOW THE CHICKENS ARE COMING HOME TO ROOST...
SURE, THAT'S WHAT THIS VISIT IS ALL ABOUT! IT'S PAYBACK TIME! HE WANTED ME TO SEE WHAT A BIG TOUGH GUY HE TURNED OUT TO BE, JUST TO LET ME KNOW HE COULD BREAK ME IN HALF IF I EVER TRIED TO PUSH HIM AROUND AGAIN...
SURE, IT'S ALL STARTING TO MAKE SENSE NOW...
AND I MAY HAVE CROSSED THAT LINE BY CONKING HIM ON THE HEAD LAST NIGHT! ONCE HE COMES TO AND REALIZES WHAT HAPPENED I'M A DEAD DUCK!
I WONDER IF HE'S AWAKE YET.... MAYBE THERE'S STILL TIME FOR ME TO ESCAPE...

HEY BUDDY, I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU...
EEK! BUTCH, NO!! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, I SWEAR!!!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I JUST CAME TO TELL YOU THAT I DECIDED I'D BETTER START HEADING BACK FOR HOME TODAY.
OH?...OH! R-REALLY? SO SOON? HOW COME?
AAH, I FIGURED I'D BETTER NOT MISS ANY SCHOOL. IT WOULDN'T BE WORTH THE HASSLE...
PLUS, I WANNA GIVE MYSELF LOTS OF TIME, 'CUZ I'M GONNA TRY HITCH-HIKING BACK HOME. IT'S SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO...
HITCH-HIKING, HUH? SOUNDS KINDA DANGEROUS...
...IS, UH, THAT WHY THE GUN?
YEAH. I THOUGHT I SHOULD BRING IT ALONG JUST IN CASE ANYONE TRIES TO GET FRUITY WITH ME, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...
ERRR... I GUESS SO, BUT I'M NOT TOO SURE THAT'S A GOOD IDEA...
DON'T WORRY, I KNOW HOW TO USE IT...
STILL, MAYBE IT'D BE BETTER IF YOU TOOK THE BUS BACK. ...IF YOU NEED MONEY I COULD GIVE YOU SOME...
KEEP YOUR MONEY! I DON'T NEED ANYTHING FROM YOU!
BUT I WAS JUST...
YOU KNOW, YOUR MOVING AWAY FROM HOME WAS PROBABLY THE BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME!
I WAS ACTUALLY GLAD YOU WERE GONE! IT WAS A RELIEF!
REALLY? WHY? I MEAN...

BECAUSE I WAS EMBARRASSED TO HAVE YOU AS AN OLDER BROTHER! YOU WERE SUCH A SLIMEY GUY, ALWAYS LYING AND CHEATING ALL THE TIME — LYING TO MOM — AND STEALING...
I KNOW YOU STOLE FROM ME TOO, AND DON'T TRY TO PRETEND YOU DIDN'T!
W-WELL GEE, GUY, I NEVER TOOK THAT MUCH! A-AND LOOK, I'M TRYING TO PAY YOU BACK, SEE? HERE, TAKE IT...
FORGET IT. YOU PROBABLY STOLE THAT MONEY FROM SOMEONE ELSE, ANY-WAY...
SOME "ROLE-MODEL" YOU ARE...
THE WORST THING ABOUT YOU IS YOUR ATTITUDE... ALWAYS MAKING FUN OF EVERYTHING... NOT BELIEVING IN NOTHIN'...
SO WHAT SHOULD I BELIEVE IN, "GOD AND COUNTRY"?
YEAH, LIKE GOD AND COUNTRY, F'RINSTANCE! AND DON'T TRY TO MAKE IT SOUND LIKE THAT'S SOMETHING BAD!
B-BUT JEEZIZ, BUTCH, WHERE DOES GOING ALONG WITH ALL THAT STUFF GET YA? YOU'LL JUST SPEND YOUR WHOLE LIFE GETTING ORDERED AROUND WITH NOTHING TO SHOW FOR IT!
IT PAINS ME THE WAY YOU ALWAYS FELL FOR THAT KIND OF STUFF...
YOU THINK THE PEOPLE WHO RUN THIS WORLD BELIEVE THE CRAP THEY PREACH? TO THEM IT'S ALL A BIG JOKE...
IT IS NOT A JOKE! YOU GOTTA BELIEVE IN THAT STUFF! YA JUST GOTTA!!
YOU DON'T GOTTA DO NOTHIN' 'CEPT DIE AND PAY TAXES, AND EVEN THOSE SHOULD BE AVOIDED AT ALL COSTS...
YEAH, WELL IT'S OBVIOUS YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT! YOU'RE HOPELESS!
I MADE A BIG MISTAKE COMING ALL THE WAY OUT HERE JUST TO LISTEN TO YOUR CRAP! I'M LEAVING!
FINE. LEAVE THEN.

UHH... AIN'T YOU GONNA SHOW ME TO THE DOOR, AT LEAST?
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, I'LL SHOW-YOU-TO-THE-DOOR-AT-LEAST! YEESH!
... NOW LOOK, KEEP THAT STUPID GUN OUT OF SIGHT, AND STAY AWAY FROM TROUBLE...
TROUBLE BETTER STAY AWAY FROM ME, IS MORE LIKE IT!
YO, GEORGE! DON'T LET MY BROTHER GIVE YOU A HARD TIME, OKAY?
OKAY, I WON'T.
SO GEORGE, DO YOU MISS YOUR NEW PAL ALREADY?
"PAL"? WE HARDLY EVEN SPOKE TWO WORDS TO EACH OTHER!
REALLY? BUT THE OTHER DAY I...
ALL THAT HAPPENED WAS HE SAT DOWN NEXT TO ME AND CHANGED THE CHANNEL TO A WRESTLING MATCH...
...I WAS TOO AFRAID OF HIM TO SWITCH IT BACK, SO I JUST SAT THERE AND WATCHED IT WITH HIM...
AFRAID OF HIM, EH? WELL...THAT MAKES TWO OF US, I GUESS...
LATE THAT NIGHT...
RING! RING! RING!
HELLO...
H-HELLO, ER, BUDDY? IS THIS BUDDY BRADLEY?
YES, AND WHO IS THIS CALLING ME AT 4 IN THE MORNING?
FOUR O'CLOCK!? OH, I'M SO SORRY! I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE TIME DIFFERENCE! I-I'M CYNTHIA, YOUR BROTHER BUTCH'S GIRLFRIEND—OR WAS, I SHOULD SAY...

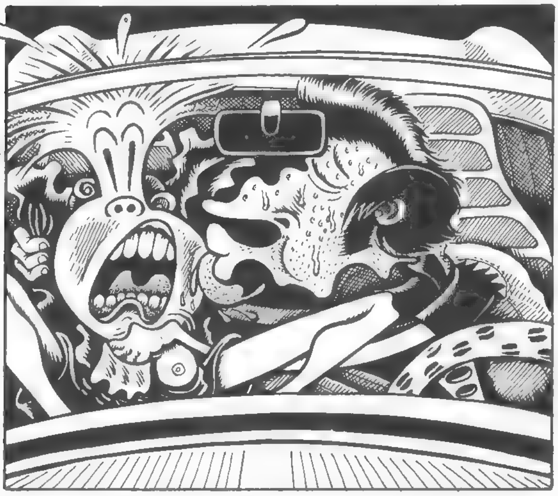
...I-I JUST HAD TO CALL BECAUSE I'VE BEEN SO WORRIED ABOUT HIM— IS HE STILL THERE WITH YOU?
UH, NO, HE LEFT EARLY IN THE MORNING... WHY, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
?!?
OH, IT'S JUST THE WAY HE'S BEEN BEHAVING EVER SINCE WE BROKE UP AND I STARTED GOING OUT WITH A FRIEND OF HIS...
OH-HO, SO YOU DUMPED HIM, AYE? IS THAT IT?
NNNOT EXACTLY...IT WAS MORE BY MUTUAL AGREEMENT...THERE WAS NO FUTURE FOR US, REALLY. Y'SEE, YOUR BROTHER...WELL, HE'S GOT PROBLEMS...
YA DON'T SAY...
AND JUST BEFORE HE LEFT FOR SEATTLE HE WROTE ME A LETTER SAYING THAT HE'S DISGUSTED BY ALL OF HUMANITY AND THAT HE WANTS TO JOIN THE ARMY AND KILL AS MANY PEOPLE AS POSSIBLE. HE ALSO SAID THAT— UMM, YOU WOULDN'T KNOW IF HE HAPPENED TO HAVE A GUN ON HIM WHILE HE WAS OUT THERE, DO YOU?
A GUN?!? WHY, UH, N-NO, NOT TO MY KNOWLEDGE...
WHEW, THAT'S A RELIEF! SO HE DIDN'T GET INTO ANY TROUBLE, I TAKE IT? NOT THAT HE WOULD WHILE HE WAS WITH YOU, SINCE HE'S ALWAYS SPOKEN SO HIGHLY OF YOU, AND I WAS HOPING THAT SEEING YOU MIGHT'VE HELPED STRAIGHTEN HIM OUT...
OH, YEAH, WE HAD A COUPLE O' GOOD OL' HEART-TO-HEARTS...NO PROBLEM...
GOOD, I'M GLAD...IT'S PROBABLY JUST WHAT HE NEEDED AT A TIME LIKE THIS...I GUESS THIS PHONE CALL SEEMS SILLY, BUT I STILL CARE ABOUT HIM, AND IF ANYTHING EVER HAPPENED TO HIM, WHY, I'D NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF...
HEY, SURE, I UNDERSTAND...
WELL, THANKS A LOT, BUDDY. IT WAS NICE TALKING TO YOU... I GUESS I'LL BE HEARING FROM BUTCH ANY DAY NOW...
THAT'S RIGHT, I'M SURE EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE...BYE-BYE NOW...
BYE.
CLICK!
...THE NEXT TIME I MOVE IT'LL BE TO CHINA.
THE END.

"WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABS BRADLEY?"

...YOU REMEMBER HOW **GEEKY** AND **NERDY** SHE WAS BACK IN THE ELEVENTH GRADE? WELL, SHE WAS SO DESPERATE FOR **MALE ATTENTION** BY THEN THAT SHE STARTED DRESSING LIKE A **SEX-CRAZED SLUT** —A **NERDY, RETARDED LOOKING SLUT**, BUT A SLUT NONETHELESS.

THIS "LOOK" AT LEAST WORKED ITS MAGIC WITH THE **GREASER-TYPES**, WHO STARTED OFFERING TO GIVE HER RIDES HOME FROM SCHOOL. AND SHE WOULD **ALWAYS ACCEPT**, EVEN IF SHE DIDN'T EVEN **KNOW** THE GUY!

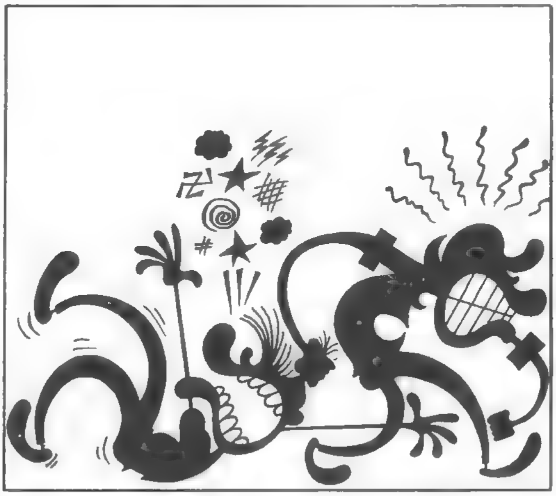
THESE "RIDES" RARELY MADE IT OUT OF THE SCHOOL PARKING LOT BEFORE THE GUY WOULD STOP AND TRY TO COP A FEEL. BABS WOULD THEN **PANIC** AND JUMP OUT OF THE CAR, ONLY TO ACCEPT THE **VERY NEXT OFFER** FROM SOME OTHER GUY.



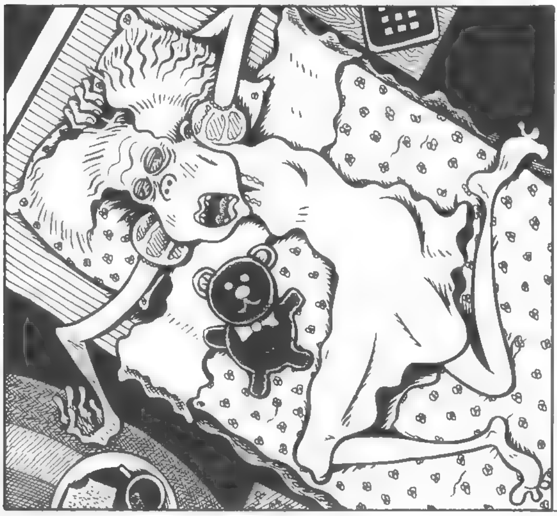
SHE EVENTUALLY GAVE IN AND WENT ALL THE WAY WITH A GUY NAMED **ALFRED**, WHO WAS, LIKE, THE **KING OF THE GREASERS**. SHE LATER TOLD ME THAT SHE LET HIM DO IT PARTLY OUT OF **FEAR** AND PARTLY BECAUSE SHE FELT "**HONORED**".

WITH TYPICAL BABS LUCK SHE GOT **PREGNANT**. AND WHEN SHE TRIED TO TELL ALFRED ABOUT IT HE ACTED LIKE HE'D NEVER **SEEN HER BEFORE**, WHICH WAS ESPECIALLY DEVASTATING FOR HER, SINCE SHE HAD CONVINCED HERSELF THAT THEIRS WAS A "**TRUE LOVE**".

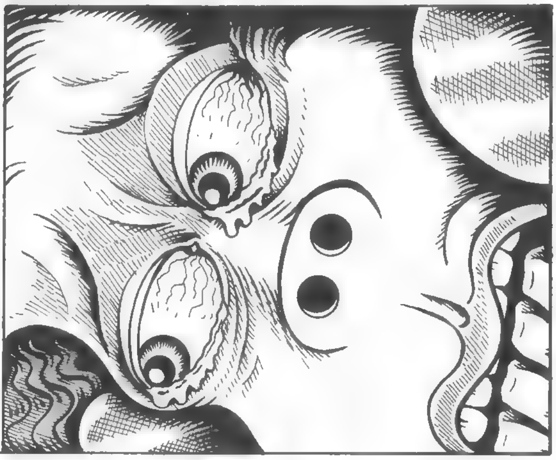
HER PARENTS MADE HER GET AN **ABORTION**, WHICH WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT WAS THE ONLY SANE THING TO DO, BUT BABS MADE A **HUGE STINK** ABOUT IT AND CALLED HER MOTHER A **HYPOCRITE** 'CUZ SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A **DEVOUT CATHOLIC**, WHICH I GUESS IS TRUE, BUT, LIKE, **SO WHAT**?



AFTER HER ABORTION SHE BECAME **SEVERELY DEPRESSED** AND STAYED IN BED FOR WEEKS. SHE WAS TOO **MORTIFIED** TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL (AS IF EVERYONE WOULD "KNOW") AND WOUND UP DROPPING OUT ALTOGETHER.

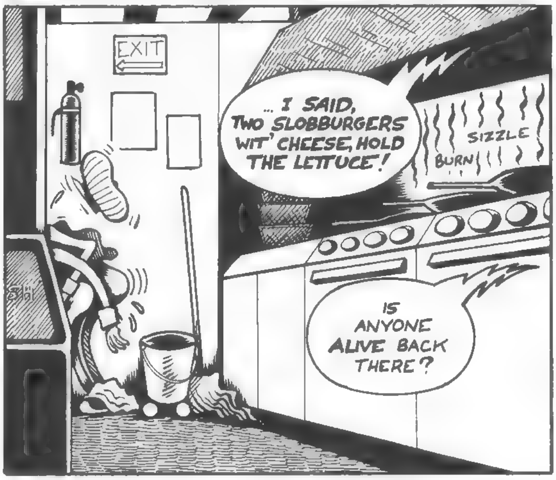


I DON'T KNOW WHERE ALL THIS **CATHOLIC GUILT** SUDDENLY CAME FROM, SINCE WE USED TO ALWAYS **MAKE FUN OF** PEOPLE WHO TOOK RELIGION SERIOUSLY, BUT NOW SHE WAS ACTING LIKE SHE WAS DOING **PENANCE**, BUT FOR WHAT? HAVING **TOO MUCH FUN**?!? IF SHE'S GUILTY OF ANYTHING IT'S BEING A **GULLIBLE SAP**, AND THIS BEDRIDDEN ROUTINE COMPOUNDED THAT FACT.



ANYHOW, ONCE SHE GOT OVER HER DEPRESSION SHE GOT A JOB AT A **BURGER KING** (OR WAS IT A WENDY'S? I FORGET WHICH). HER GOAL WAS TO SAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO MOVE OUT OF HER PARENTS HOUSE, WITH WHOM SHE WAS NOT GETTING ALONG **AT ALL**.

WHAT SHE DIDN'T PLAN ON WAS GETTING **KNOCKED UP** BY THE ASSISTANT MANAGER ONLY A FEW WEEKS AFTER SHE STARTED WORKING THERE. SHE WASN'T USING ANY BIRTH CONTROL SINCE SHE **SWORE** SHE'D NEVER HAVE SEX AGAIN, BUT, WELL, YOU KNOW HOW **HOT AND STEAMY** THINGS CAN GET IN THE BACK ROOMS OF THOSE PLACES.

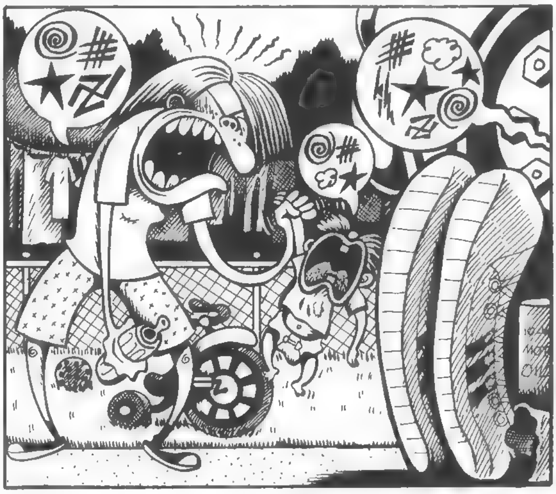


THIS TIME SHE ABSOLUTELY **REFUSED** TO GET AN ABORTION, SO BOTH THEIR PARENTS FORCED THEM TO GET **MARRIED**.

THE WEDDING WAS **SHORT** AND **EMBARRASSING**. EVERYONE COULD TELL SHE WAS PREGNANT, AND MR. BRADLEY ENDED THE RECEPTION BEFORE ANYONE COULD POUR A SECOND DRINK! THE **CHEAPSKATE**!

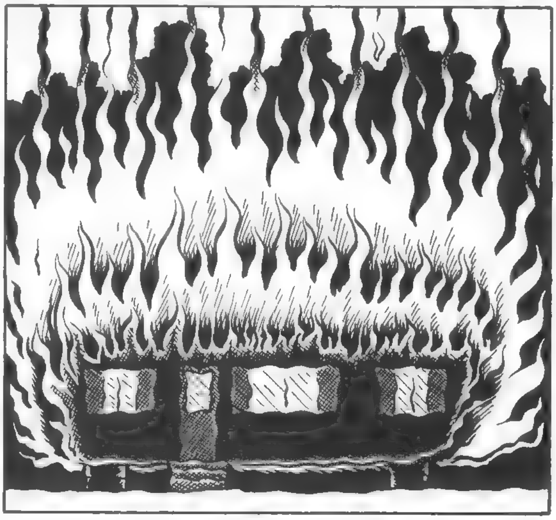
THEY LIVED WITH HIS FOLKS FOR A WHILE BUT THEY HAD TO GET OUT BEFORE THE BABY ARRIVED, SO THEY RENTED A **MOBILE HOME** WAY OUT IN THE BOONIES, FROM WHERE HE HAD TO COMMUTE AN **HOUR EACH WAY** TO HIS STUPID JOB AT TACO BELL. (OR WAS IT JACK IN THE BOX? OH WELL, ONE OF THOSE.)

THEIR'S WAS NOT A HAPPY MARRIAGE. HE SPENT ALL OF HIS TIME AND MONEY ON HIS **CAR** WHILE BABS NAGGED HIM ABOUT BEING **BORED** AND HAVING TO TAKE CARE OF THE KID ALL THE TIME. STILL IN THEIR TEENS AND ALREADY THEY WERE ACTING JUST LIKE **THE KRAMDENS**!



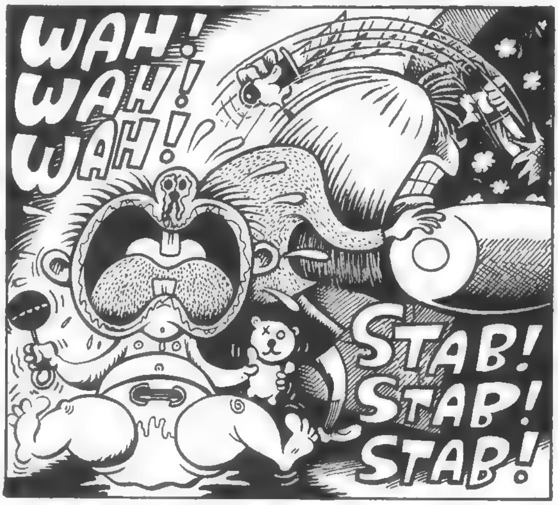
I SAW HER ONCE AT A SUPERMARKET DURING THIS TIME. SHE LOOKED LIKE **HELL**, AND SHE WAS PREGNANT WITH HER **SECOND KID**. SHE WAS PUSHING HER SHOPPING CART FULL OF JUNK FOOD AND SODA POP LIKE SHE WAS IN A **TRANCE**, WHILE HER KID THREW A **FULL-SCALE TEMPER TANTRUM**.

IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER THAT THAT THEIR **TRAILER HOME** BURNED DOWN. THEY SUPPOSEDLY HAD A **BIG ARGUMENT** EARLIER THAT DAY, AND A LOT OF PEOPLE THINK HER HUSBAND WENT **NUTS** AND SET THE FIRE ON PURPOSE.

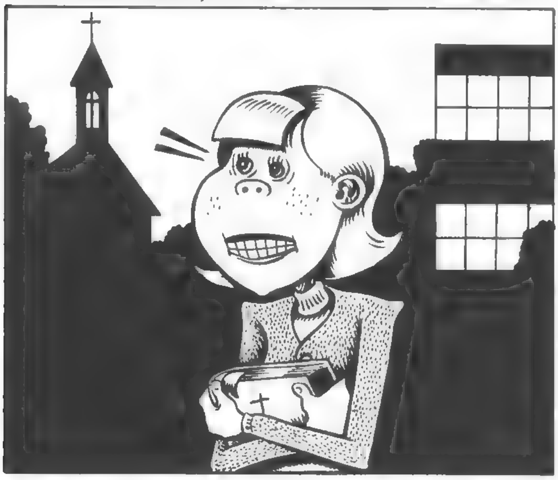


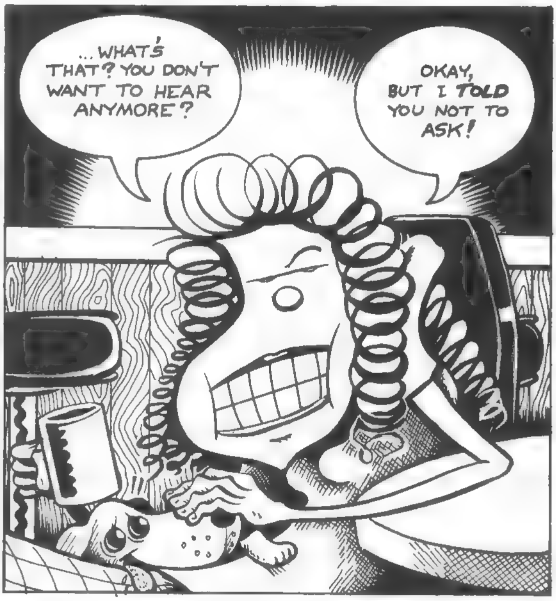
THEY HAD TO MOVE INTO HER PARENTS' HOUSE, AND THAT'S WHEN THE SHIT **REALLY** HIT THE FAN. THE FAMILY NEXT DOOR SAID IT WAS THE WORST FIGHTING THEY'VE HEARD SINCE **BUDDY** MOVED OUT. LIKE LAST THANKSGIVING-BUTCH WENT AFTER BABS' HUSBAND WITH A **FORK**, AND A WEEK LATER I WAS TOLD THAT MR. BRADLEY TRIED TO **RUN HIM DOWN** ON THE STREET WITH HIS **CAR**!

NO ONE'S SEEN BABS' HUSBAND SINCE THEN, THOUGH HE CALLS UP EVERY NOW AND THEN AND THREATENS TO **KIDNAP THE KIDS**. I DOUBT HE'D EVER DO IT THOUGH, SINCE NOBODY IN THEIR **RIGHT MIND** WOULD WANT TO BE SADDLED WITH THOSE **LITTLE MONSTERS**!



BABS MUST'VE TAKEN HIM SERIOUSLY THOUGH, BECAUSE SHE MOVED INTO ONE OF THOSE HOMES FOR ABUSED WOMEN. ONLY THIS PLACE WAS RUN BY SOME **FUNDAMENTALIST CHRISTIAN CHURCH**, AND THE LATEST I'VE HEARD IS THAT SHE'S BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO ONE OF THOSE **BRAINWASHED, SCRIPTURE-SPOUTING ZOMBIES**...





~~HATE MAIL~~ F.P.O. ~~PETE'S MAIL BAGGE!~~ F.P.O. LETTERS PAGES

• EDITORIAL •

We've received so many wacky zany brilliant entries to the "Win A Date With Stinky" contest that we've decided to postpone presenting the "finalists" to you 'til the next issue of *Hate*, in order to devote some more space to them. So if you're one of the lazybones who haven't entered yet there's still almost three months left ('til May 1st) to climb aboard the Leonard love train before it pulls out of the station (choo! choo!).

Many of *Hate*'s male readers are up in arms over a number of things. One is C. Hollis's "underwear manifesto" that appeared in the letters section of *Hate* #3. Apparently most of you guys are on my side of this issue, and presented endless lists of reasons why B.V.D.s are superior in both practicality and appearance, and that boxers tend to make you look like Robert Crumb. A lot of you fellahs are also peeved over apparently being excluded from the first official *Hate* contest, and are demanding a "Win A Date With Lisa" contest in compensation. You fail to win my sympathy, however, since the Stinky contest is obviously a *big joke* and that the women entering don't really *truly* want to date a guy who flaunts his venereal warts. (Then again, who knows, maybe some of 'em do!) While a lot of you desperate creeps seem sincere in your desire to shower love on the poor, misunderstood, waif-like Lisa slut, you seem to be forgetting that she's just a *drawing*, guys, and that it's kind of difficult to fuck a piece of paper with lines on it (believe me, I've tried!) so go point your lonely peckers in some other direction... you're giving me the heebie-jeebies... *however*, the next *Hate* contest—suggested by Craig Paeth of Kent, OH—*will* be a guys-only affair, so stay tuned for further instructions...

But enough o' this palaver! Onto the letters... —P.B.

Dear Peter Bagge,

I admit that there are a lot of things that I admire about your work, yet at the same time there some things that I just can't swallow. For instance, the last panel in the last story in the third issue of *Hate* shows a woman's ass on top of a man's face with "...I'm going to eat some worms..." playing in the background. Speaking as a woman, this subtle illustration hits home immediately. **[It does?!? —P.B.]** I get the horrible feeling that you're making a cheap, "pee-pee-ca-ca" kind of joke at the expense of women.

But this didn't bother me as much as the way you advertised the "WIN A DATE WITH STINKY" contest. Once again, the joke was made at the expense of women:

"And all you need to qualify is a hole and a heartbeat!"

Should I send you a glamorous picture of my two-year-old niece? She qualifies! **[If she is able to read and write and *wants* to enter herself, yes, she may, but you can't enter someone else for them. —P.B.]** How about my twenty-two-year-old cousin, Paul? He's got a hole and a heartbeat. **[That's correct. He does qualify. —P.B.]** As a matter of fact, I've got two female cats and both have each a hole and a heartbeat. Stinky's "main-squeeze-of-the-day" could be furry and cute! **[Or worm-like! —P.B.]**.

It's possible that I'm not so angry with the aforementioned ASSpects of your work. Maybe I'm just pissed because there really are people out there who regard women and/or treat us like "GRATE" pieces of meat with "holes and heartbeats."

I'm not writing this blindly, because I think I know the value of your work, in the sense that you bring out certain people in our society, along with their socio-cultural baggage, and make fun of them. But we *know* already that there are a lot of "Buddies" and "Stinkys" out there. But *you* don't seem at all interested in altering them in any way by going one step further (i.e., showing some of the effects these people have in real life, regarding women, for instance). *You* don't have any "valuable" message or alternatives to the things that *you* and all your readers see as "fucked-up."

—Lina Marie
Montreal, Kweh.

I'm afraid you're barking up the wrong tree, Lina, since I don't have a *clue* as to how to do the positive type of comic-book you'd like to see. I'm not part of the *solution*, I'm part of the *problem*, so let's leave it at that. And you'd better go see a doctor about that *worm* problem you alluded to in the beginning of your letter! —P.B.

Dear P. Bagge,

I want to say first that I love *Hate*. I think it's the best, most strangely realistic, funniest, achingly true comic I've ever seen in my life. *But*—there's one thing wrong. Where are the gay people? I see *so much* of myself and my friends in your characters but none of your little people are fags (like m'self) or dykes. What's up with this shit? You know—we're sorta cool/assholes too like Buddy or Val. So I think you should make some reference to some gay character as a sort of peripheral type thing *at least* or if you feel braver, introduce a fag or dyke as a character (develop the pool molls from where Val and Buddy met) or if you feel super super brave, let *me* win a date with Stinky. Stinky looks like sort of a swinger and almost kinda hot too... except for those warts on his crank, and I've always found those little round glasses a turn-on...

So anyways here's me in all my cutesy glory... (No, silly, I'm the blond—the other one's name is Molly.) And if you *just can't* do that, at least *think* about the rest!

—Michael Fahy
Philadelphia, PA
(Gosh, sorry I'm over 25 words.)

I'm afraid I am gonna have to disqualify you, Mike, due to the fact that you went *way* over 25 words, thus sparing me the embarrassment of having to draw two guys making out. Yuck! Ptui! Talk about *eating worms*! But *Hate* #5 will feature homosexuals galore, and it's sure to be the *silliest* issue yet! —P.B.

Dear Peter,

I had high hopes for *Hate* when it first started but to be quite frank I've become real bored with it, and it's only in its 3rd ish.

All the focus on Buddy makes it so one-dimensional, Peter. Haven't you heard that variety is the spice of life? Well??? And all of this incestuous reference to comics, like Groth and Kim Thompson and Eros. Gosh... how "creative." Only die-hard, double-"bagge"-it comic fans would know what you're talking about, you might as well join the Marvel universe the way you're headed.

The only reason I can assume that your work is deteriorating is because you must be taking drugs now that you can afford them. I liked your work better when you were a starving but

refreshing artist.
—**Mike Casey**
Chicago, IL

My starving but refreshing days are over, Mike, so you better get used to it. Now excuse me while I wipe my ass with this hundred-dollar bill . . . —P.B.

Tim Sinaguglia *before* HATE and *after* HATE.

Peter,

When Buddy dumped Lisa in the trash I can I shrieked with happiness and recognition! Oh yeah! Seems like lots of girls—well, *people*, I should be *fair*—wallow in this kind of clingy whiny melodrama that sucks the life right outta you if you take it *serious* (like I did!). Nowadays when my own personal Lisa starts crying her usual song and dance it feels real good to stuff her stupid trivial self-pitying ass deep down in the fuckin' can! That's right, I'm a tough guy and I hate women, haw haw haw! I also laughed and groaned over George, slumped over, flailing away endlessly—like me! And talk radio playing—*shit!* You've got us *all* pinned down to your drawing board!! Yaahh! So anyway, like, for the millionth time, thank you Peter for writing and drawing funny stories and helping me *laugh* at my stupid self, dammit!

Love,
—**Tim Sinaguglia**
Rochester, NY

. . . I just read *Hate* #3 and although I *loved* #2, I find now that Buddy's life is *better* than mine I can't enjoy stories about this little shit any more! They just make me feel jealous and miserable that I *still* don't have a girlfriend and yet *Buddy Bradley*, who I used to enjoy looking down upon as an example of a person with a life more pathetic than mine, does. I hate him. Now I really feel like the most undesirable man in North America. Thanks a lot.

Yers,
—**Dennis Worden**
San Juan Capistrano, CA

Mr. Bagge,

It's amazing, but George Cecil Hamilton III is uncannily similar to my housemate Robert Fishead, a.k.a. Blobert Nazi Fishhead the only, who I had assumed to be unique in all of the universe. George and Robert seem to me to be archetypes, the spores of strange nerdy people who throughout human history have flourished in solitary, dark spaces as hermits and heretics.

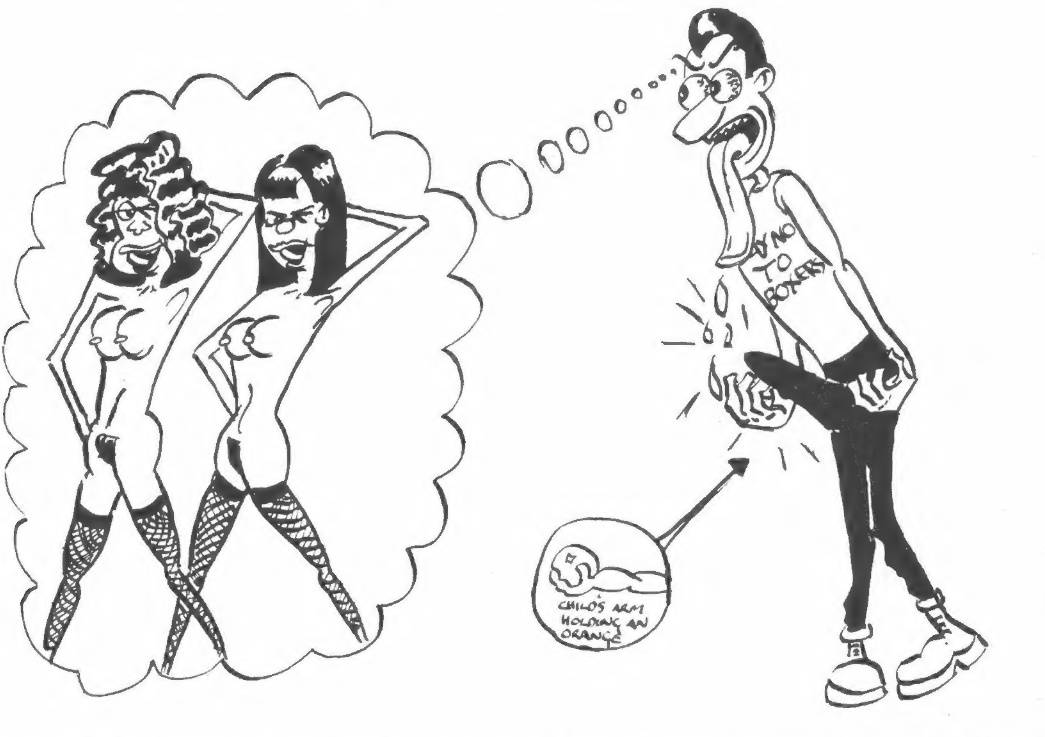
Robert and George truly belong to the same tribe. Like George, Robert is also most comfortable holed up in his room with his stuff. Curled up cocoon-like in his bed in the middle of the floor with his Euro-troll nightcap on, Robert is nigh self-sufficient. Within reach are his books and magazines on the UFO phenomenon, his ashtray and cigarette collection, his incense, herbal salves, candles, bongs, jars of phlegm, coffee mugs, and stacks of conspiracy literature. This is where he spends most of his life, filling notebooks with strange rantings in both German and English, and quirky drawings. Occasionally, however, he must wander out for food, or to steam his face with herbs, soak in the tub for hours, or have strange interrogation-type conversations with the other housemates. Unlike George, Robert will not hold forth about conspiracy theory to us since we are not initiates. He will, however, speak at great lengths on the "mysteries of Robert's body," which is less than appealing.

Robert has not had sex in eight years. This is remarkable in a man 28 years old. His lack of physical human contact has led RF to focus on his own body, and the treatment of it with various substances, picking out sores on his face and body, where he claims cysts and toxins are surfacing.

Although there is something vaguely endearing about RF we often find ourselves wondering what the hell he is talking about, and, uh, uh, doing. Yes, no one wants to admit their roommate is that pathetic, because somehow it reflects poorly. But in the world of lost puppies, sick dogs, and broken toys, who is to say? I guess there are more hideous, hell-bound demons found managing Burger Kings in towns all over the USA than the Georges of the world. Unless by some twist they ever unite . . .

Yours in peaceful paranoia.
—**Melba Hoover**
Santa Cruz, CA

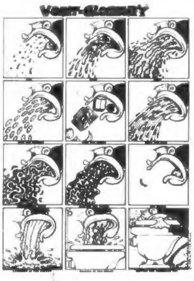
PS: I am only 27, and in the process of finishing the 7-year samurai ritual.
Love, R.F.



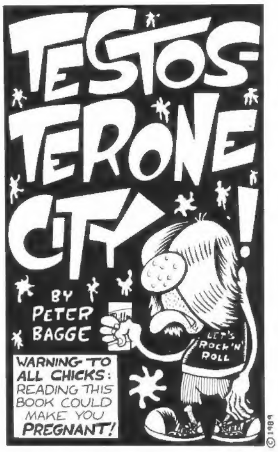
Electrolux Dumfuck of Edinburgh, Scotland dreams about Lisa and Val, those two "knickersdroppers with the blowjobbable lips"!

NEAT STUFF BY PETER BAGGE (GET IT?)

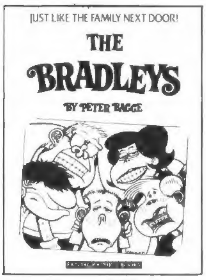
NEAT STUFF #1, 2, and 13: Two classic early issues, back in second printings because you, the reader, demanded it, plus a classic later issue (first printing! valuable collector's item) that for some reason is still cluttering up Fantagraphics' warehouse. $3.00 each.



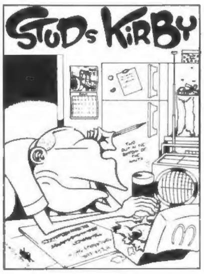
VOMIT GLOSSARY POSTER: Still the decoration of choice for any frat house or suburban dream home. **$5.00.**



TESTOSTERONE CITY: My very first mini-comic is available for $1.25 exclusively from Starhead Comics, P.O. Box 30044, Seattle, WA 98103.



THE BRADLEYS: The collected misadventures of the Bradley clan, with a brand new cover, printed nice and small for your convenience. **$12.00**



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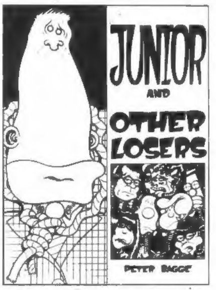
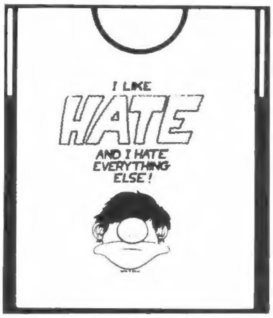
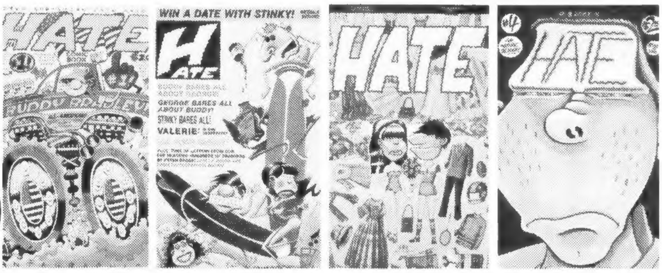


JUNIOR AND OTHER LOSERS: Brand new! Collects tales of Junior, Chet and Bunny Leeway, as well as the notorious "The Reject" from *Weirdo*. **$14.50!**

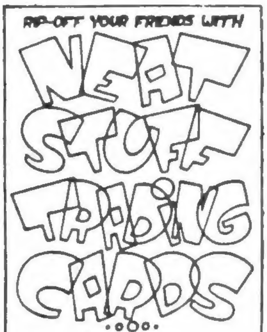


HATE T-SHIRT. White T-shirt with Buddy Bradley's ugly mug plastered in front and a motto suitable for the '90s. Bright black and red colors. Please specify size: M, L, XL.

HATE BUTTONS: Show the world how you feel. Only **$2.00** for both!



HATE #1-4: Early tales of Buddy Bradley as a "grown-up" in the Great Northwest, featuring the Stinkster, Valerie, Lisa, George Hamilton the Third and (in #4) the other Bradley siblings! Attention fanboys: These are all *first printings*, and in *mint condition*, making them *really collectible*! **$2.50 each.**



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